

LONDON'S GLORY,

OR, THE

Lord Mayor's Show:

Containing an Illustrious Description of the several

TRIUMPHANT PAGEANTS,

On which are represented

Emblematical Figures, Artful pieces of Architecture, and
Rural Dancing, with the Speeches spoken in each Pageant;

A L S O,

Three new Songs, the first in praise of the *Merchant-Tailors*, the second the *Protestants* Exhortation, and the third the plotting *Papists* Litany, with their proper Tunes either to be Sung or Play'd.

P E R F O R M E D

On *F R I D A Y*, OCTOBER XXIX. 1680.

For the Entertainment of the Right Honourable

Sir *PATIENCE WARDE*, Knight,
LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

At the proper Cost and Charges of the Right Worshipful Company of

M E R C H A N T - T A I L O R S.

Invented and Compos'd by *THO. JORDAN*, Gent.

Psittoribus atque Poëtis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aqua potestas. Hor. de Arte Poet.

London, Printed for John and Henry Playford, 1680.

LONDON, GLORY,

O R, T H E

Lord Mayor's Show;

Containing in large type the description of the several

ENTERTAINMENTS, and the

various other particulars

of the several Processions, and the several other particulars, and

Three new songs, the first is printed in the margin, and

the second is printed in the margin, and

the third is printed in the margin, and

the fourth is printed in the margin, and

ENTERTAINMENTS, and the

Lord Mayor of the City of LONDON.

At London, Printed by J. B. Smith, at the Sign of the

MERCANTILE, in the Strand.

Invented and Composed by J. B. Smith, at the Sign of the

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MERCANTILE, in the Strand.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir PATIENCE WARDE, Knight,
LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

My LORD,

BY Providence assisted, you are, at this time, ascended up into the highest Sphere of civil Dignity in this Metropolis, Rightly achieved by timely Succession, Unanimous Election, Popular Approbation, and Regal Confirmation; These being the effects proceeding from your well-governed Life in the Paths of Piety, Patience, Prudence and all the Concomitant Virtues that conspire to make a LONDON Citizen Rich and Honourable.

I do not offer these Expressions to your Lordship in the formality of a Complement, but as an obvious and well-witnessed verity; And I heartily wish that the Persons which you are to govern this Year, may be no less flexible to your Commands, than your self hath been to the dictates of Religion and Reason; then I hope we shall enjoy two great Virtues, which have been great strangers to us, *Union and Concord*: It is your turn to be at the Helm when the turbulent Billows of the common Enemy to our Religion and Laws are in so high Commotion; But I foresee, your Prudence will so qualify your Government, with Justice, Moderation, and Impartiality, that the good shall be confirmed, and the bad converted, at least such are the Wishes, Prayers, and Hopes of,

My Lord,

The humblest of your Servants
and real Honourers,

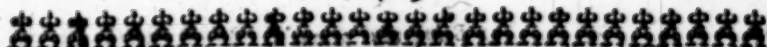


TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 THE LORDS OF THE TRINITY
 THE ANCIENT CORPORATION AND COMPANY OF

MERCHANT-TAYLORS.

GENTLEMEN, I have directed the dictates of my Designs to several Artists, and manual Artificers, for the Composition of this Day's Triumphs, (who have Unanimously performed all their Instructions) so I present to your view a literal Illustration, and particular Description of the whole Flanour, Movement, Order, Ornament, and Action, which were the delightful Objects of so many Thousand Spectators; that so by this means your chargeable disbursements may not be confined to Cheapside only, and terminate in one Day, but be Communicable to all the Ingenious Readers in the whole Kingdom, and consumed in Memory for future Judges; that the Generosity and Magnanimity of the MERCHANT-TAYLORS Company, may be a Copy for Kingdoms and Times to Imitate, whose Grandeur and Gallantry is of such Antiquity that I am Honoured in the Subscription of,

GENTLEMEN,
 To the extent of my Ability the humblest
 of your faithful Servants,
 2 A THO. JORDAN.



*In proper Habits orderly Array'd,
The Movements of the Morning are display'd.*



Elected Citizens i'th' Morning all
At Sev'n do meet at *Merchants Taylers Hall*,
The Master, Wardens, and Assistants, Joyns
For the first Rank, in their Gowns fac'd with Foyns
The second Order do, in merry moods,
March in Gowns fac'd with Budge and Livery Hoods
In Gowns and Scarlet Hoods Thirdly appears
A youthful number of Foyns Batchellers.
Forty Budge Batchellers the triumph Crowns,

Gravely attir'd in Scarlet Hoods and Gowns.
Gentlemen Ushers which white Staves do hold
Sixty; in Velvet Coats and Chains of Gold.
Next, Thirty more in Plush and Buff there are,
That several Colours wave; and Banners bear.
The Sergeant Trumpet Thirty six more brings,
All of them Silver Trumpets, and the Kings.
The Sergeant wears Two Scarfs, whose Colours be,
One the Lord Mayors, t' others the Company.
The King's Drum-Major follow'd by Four more
Of the Kings Drums and Fifes make *LONDON* roar.
Seven Drums and Two Fifes more in Vests of Buff
March with Waste Scarfs, and Breeches of Black Stuff.
Two City Marshals mounted and attended,
Are by the Company with Scarfs besreinded.
And (next to th' Drums) do Troop it in the Reer,
But the Foot Marshal doth the next appear;
Who puts them all in Rank and File, and wears
A Shoulder Scarf as broad and rich as theirs.
Attended by six persons that dare do
What e're their Marshal may Command them to.
Next the Fence-Master troops, and (to defend him)
Divers with drawn broad bright Swords do attend him.
Many poor Pensioners that march i'th' Reer,
With Gowns and Caps, Standards and Banners bear;
A numerous Troop of Persons that are poor,
In Azure Gowns and Caps, one hundred more,
With Javelins and with Targets are all Actors,
And bear the Arms of their good Benefactors.

Being thus prepar'd

By the Foot-Marshals Judgment they are guided,
And into six Divisions are divided:

Rank'd out by two and two. The first that stirs

Are the poor Company of Pensioners,

But in the front of them orderly be

Placed the Ensigns of the Company.

1th Rear of them four Drums and one File more,

Then Pensioners in Coats describ'd before.

Persons of worth who do in Martial manner,

Bear each of them a Standard or a Banner.

Four Trumpets more to them, and in their Ranks with

Two *Mertham-Taylor* Ensigns march, which bear

(As by the Herald Painter is express)

The Draught of their Supporters, and their Crest:

Six Gentlemen-Ulvers in order trudge,

And after them the Batchelors in budge:

Marching in mesur'd distance, and endu'd

With Order, This Division doth conclude.

1th Rear of them six Trumpets do appear,

And after them two Gentlemen, that bear

Two Coats of Arms, which appertaining be

To th' City and *Mertham-Taylor* Company.

Then do march up Eight Gentlemen that wear

The Golden Chains, th' in the Foins Batchelors,

In amicable measure, move like Friends

Fill'd with one Joy: So this Division ends.

Two Gentlemen in velvet Coats array'd,

March after them with two Banners display'd,

Then succeed them Ten Gentlemen Ulvers more,

In Coats and Chains of Gold describ'd before.

And gradually after them you'll see

A very worthy large Society:

With each of them a Gown and Livery Hood,

And all LORD MAYORS in the *Perennial*

1th Rear of these (with silver sounds to be)

Do fall in divers Trumpets of the City

And after them two Gentlemen accord,

To bear the Arms o' th' City and my Lord:

And then the Gentlemen with equal distance

That usher in the grave Court of *Assizes*.

I th' Rear of them, four Drums, six Trumpets, be
Order'd to bring up the Catastrophe,
Three Gallants gradually follow them,
Bearing the Banners of the Diadem.

Kings, Queens, and Cities Ensigns, which engages
Six Gentlemen to wait on them as Pages,

The Masters and the Wardens bring up all.

Thus forth'd they march from *Merchants-Taylors-Hall*

To my Lords House, where th' Aldermen and He

Take Horse, and rank according to Degree:

Which being done, the whole Body in State

Doth move towards *Guild-Hall*, but at the Gate

The new Lord with the old Lord Mayor unites,

Guarded by Gentlemen, Esquires, and Knights.

Then thus attir'd, with Gown, Fur Hood, and Scarf,

March all through *Kings-Street* down to *Three-Crane-wharf*;

Where the Lord Mayor and th' Aldermen discharge

A few Gentlemen Waiters, and take Barge

At the West end o' th' Wharf; and at the East

The Court Assistant, Livery, and the best

Gentlemen Ullers: Such as stay on shore

Are Ullers, Foins, and the Budge Batchelor:

Who for a time repose themselves and Men,

Until his Lordship shall return again:

Who now with several Companies make hast

To *Westminster*, but in the way is plac'd

A Pleasure-Boat that hath great Guns aboard,

And with Two Broad-sides doth salute my Lord.

They Row in Triumph all along by th' *Strand*,

But when my Lord and Companies do Land

At the *New Palace-Stairs*, orderly all

Do make a Lane to Pass him to the Hall;

Where having took an Oath that he will be

Loyal and faithfull to His MAJESTY,

His Government, His Crown and Dignity,

With other Ceremonials said and done,

In Order to his Confirmation

Sealing of Writs in Courts, and such-like things,

As shew his power abstracted from the King's,

He takes his leave o' th' Lords and Barons, then

With his Retinue he retreats again

To th' Water-side, and (having given at large,
 To th' Poor of *Westminster*) doth Re-imbarge,
 And scud along the River, till he comes
 To *Black-Fryars-Stairs*; where Guns and Thundring Drums
 Proclaim his landing, when he's set a shore,
 He is saluted by three *Vollies* more

By (the Military Glory of this Nation) the Company of *Artillery-men*, they being all in their Martial Ornaments of Gallantry, some in *Buff* with Head-pieces: many of them *Massie-Silver*.

From *Black-Fryars-Stairs*, they March before the *Lord Mayor*, and *Aldermen*, through *Cheapside* to *Guild Hall*. Those that went not to *Westminster*, viz. the *Penioners* and *Banners*, being set in order ready to March, the *Foot-Marshal* in the Rear of the *Artillery Company*, leads the way along by the Channel up *Ludgate-hill*, through *Ludgate* into *S. Pauls Church-yard*, and so into *Cheapside*, where his Lordship is entertained by the first *Scene* or *Pageant*.

A Description of the First Pageant.

ON a large Stage, in the Front: is artfully and eminently erected the *Coat-Armour*, of the Renowned and Right Worshipful Company of *Merchant-Taylors*: which is a *Tent-Royal*, or rather a large Imperial *Pavilion*, *Gules* Fringed and richly Garnished and adorned, OR, Lined Faced and doubled *Ermin*, Wing'd or Flank'd by two other Stages; bearing two excellent Figures of lively Carved Camels, which are the Supporters to the said Companies Coat.

On the Back of each Camel, rideth a Representator, the one richly adorned with a Golden Robe, a Purple Mantle Fringed with Gold, a Black *Indian Face*, Black Curl'd short Hair (a Native *Indian*), an Orient Pendent Pearl in his Ear, a Coronet of Gold deck'd with Feathers on his Head, Golden Buskins on his feet, laced and furred with Scarlet Silk Ribon, a Golden Bridle in his Left Hand, and in his Right Hand, a Banner of the Companies, and representeth Treasure. The other is a *West-Indian*, invested with a Robe of Silver, with a Silk Scarlet Coloured Mantle, Head, Hair, and Face, Black: In his Left Ear a Pendent Diamond, Buskins of Silver, laced with Purple Ribon, a Crown of Gold Feather'd, in his Left Hand a Silver Bridle, and in his Right, a Banner of my Lords, Representing *Traffic*.

On each Stage are four Figures sitting on Pedestals, at each Corner one.

On the Right Hand Stage are, 1

1. DILIGENCE, Arrayed in a Robe of Grey Silk, with a Mantle of Green Sarfnet, a long black curl'd Hair, with a wreath of Oak, a pair of Silver sheers in one hand, and a Banner of the Cities in the other.

2. INDUSTRY,

2. **INDUSTRY**, In a Robe of Watchet Silk, Fringed with Silver, a Gold and Silver Mantle, Brown Hair, a Garland of Bays, bearing in one Hand, a Shield Vert, Charged with a Bee-hive, and a Swarm, OR, in the other Hand, a Banner of the Kings.

3. **INGENUITY**, In a Crimson Silk Robe, a Blew Mantle, sprinkled with bright Gold Stars, a large bright Curled Hair, a wreath of Laurel tipp'd with Gold, bearing in one Hand on a shield Argent, the Figure of a Spider in the Web, Sable. In the other she displayeth a Banner of the Cities.

4. **SUCCESS**, In a Robe of Gold interweaved with Purple, a Carnation Mantle, richly adorned and imbroydered with variety of precious Jewels, a long bright lovely Brown Hair: an Imperial Crown with a Vane or Weather-Cock on the Top, in her Left Hand a Silver Wheel, and in her Right, a Banner of my Lord Mayors.

On the other Camel Stage, the Four habits are thus described,

1. **MEDIOCRITY**, In a White Silk Robe, a Grass-green Mantle, a Brown Curled Hair, a Chaplet of White Lillies, and Damask Roses. In one Hand, she beareth a Target Azure: with this Motto, OR, *In medio consistit virtus*. In the other, a Banner of the Companies.

2. **AMITY**, In a Crimson Robe, Fringed with Gold and Silver, a Silver and Gold Scarf: bright Brown Hair, a Chaplet of Wood-bind Leaves and Flowers. In one Hand she bears a Shield, Charged with the Figures of a Salutation. In the other, a Banner of the Cities.

3. **VERITY**, In a White Sarsnet Robe, a Silver Mantle, a Fair, bright Crispy-curled Hair, a Garland of White Lillies, In one Hand a large Silver Fan, with Gold Stars, in the other, the King's Banner.

4. **VARIETY**, In a Robe of divers Colours, a rich florid Mantle, Fringed with Gold and Silver, a Fair bright curled Hair, tyed with all the Divers Coloured small Ribbons that are dyed. In one Hand a Cornucopia, in the other, a Banner of my Lords.

In a Medium between these two Stages, standeth the Scene of the Imperial Pavilion, betwixt two rich Robes of Honor Gules, worn by two Persons, that represent two Ministers of State, Royalty and Loyalty, wearing on their Left Arms, Shields Azure, charged with this Motto in Gold, *For the King and Kingdom*. In their Right Hands they bear, the one a Banner of the Kings, the other of the Cities.

In the highest and most eminent Seat of a Throne-like Ascension, in Royal Posture alone, sitteth Sovereignty. In a Robe of Purple Velvet, lined faced, and caped with *Ermin*, a Black Curled Hair, on his Head an Imperial Diadem; about his Shoulders, a Rich Coller of *Esses*, with a George Pendent. In one Hand he beareth a Golden Globe, in the other he guideth a Royal Scepter.

On the next seat descending sitteth,

1. **PRINCIPALITY**, In a Gold Vest, close to his body, a Red Velvet

vet Tunick, lined and turned over with *Ermin*, a Brown Hair, long and Curled, a princely Crown upon his Head, in which is a Plume of White Feathers, a Target Azure, charged with a Plume of White Feathers Argent, he bears on his left Arm; and in his Right Hand he beareth the Banner of *S. George*.

2. NOBILITY, In a close long Vest of Silver, and on that, a Robe of blew Velvet open before, lined and faced with *Erminois*: a Fair long Curled Hair, on which is a Ducal Coronet; on his Left Arm he beareth a Target Sable, Charged with a Virgin all in Silver, representing *Virtue*, under which is written in Letters of Gold, this following Motto, *Virtue is the true Nobility*.

3. HONOUR, In a Sad-green Satten Close-bodied Coat, richly laced down with Gold, over that, an open loose Gown-like upper Garment, of Scarlet-colour'd Plush, laced with Silver and Gold. On his Head a Peruke of Flaxen Curled Hair, and on it the Coronet of a Marquess; on his Left Hand hangeth a Target Azure, and in bright Clouds a Demi-Angel, holding down a Coronet of Stars, *O R*, the Motto, *Honor salus Dei est*: In his Right Hand a Banner of the Companies.

On the next Seat gradually descending are Planted,

1. GENTILITY, Shaped like a Scholar and a Souldier, in a Buff Coat, and about his Waste, a Golden Belt, in which is a Hanger with a Golden Hilt, and overall, a Scholars black Gown, his Hair black and curled, on which is a Silver Helmet, Plumed with Feathers of White, Red and Black, a Corset of Gold about his Neck. In one hand, which hath on it a Gold Gantled, he beareth a Silver Spear, in the other a Book.

2. INTEGRITY, Which sitteth in the middle, with both Arms extended, is in a Posture to Unite, into one Principle of Loyalty, and Fidelity, his two next Neighbours, Gentility and Commonalty, and is thus adorned, as an Emblem of Court, City and Country. On a long curled brown Hair, he weareth the Coronet of an Earl, for the Court, a loose Robe of Scarlet-coloured silk for the City, under which, he wears a Close Coat of Grass-green Plush, for the Country.

3. COMMONALTY, Is personated Representatively as the Knight of a Shire, in Parliament Robes.

On the lowest seat alone sitteth an ancient *English Hero*, habited in Antick Habiliaments of War, such as were worn by the Chief Commanders: under the Conduct of *Edward the Third*, when he conquered *France*, whose Name was *Sir John Hawkwood*, a Merchant-Taylor. Thus habited in a Coat of Mail, richly Gilt, down to his knees, a Silver and Crimson Scarf Fringed with Gold, a Quiver of Arrows hanging in a Gold Belt on one side, and a Sword at the other, a Brown Curled Hair, on which is a Silver Borganet or Helmet, with a Plume of Red and White Feathers. *White Buskins laced with Silver and Gold*, in one Hand a large Long-bow, and a Spear in the other, who perceiving his Lordship to be fixt in his person, and prepared with Attention, riseth up, and with a Martial Bow, Exhibeth this Speech.

**The First SPEECH, by Sir John Hawkwood, once a
MERCHANT-TAYLOR.**

WItb all the happynest and prosperous State
Which can attend a worthy Magistrate,
I do salute your Lordship, and am come
To fill your Triumph up, and find a Room,
To dignify your Day, and let you know
How properly I come to grace your show,
I was a Merchant-Taylor: in a Word
I flourish'd in those daies Edward the Third
Did conquer France, with his Victorious Sword.
He purchas'd Fame, Wealth, Honour in that Nation,
But all the purchase now, is a new Fashion.
What your Fore-Fathers gain'd by Bloud and Sweat
Is now exchang'd for a French Flagellet.

I tell you nothing but the Truth: my Name
Is Sir John Hawkwood, my person and Fame,
Are Chromel'd, and stained, as you may see
In England, France, Sicilia, Italy.

But, to the Point, this Day, with Hand and Heart,
Your Company hath kindly set apart
To gratulate your honour and to Treat
With Novels both triumphant and Compleat,
This Object you are pleas'd to look upon
Is an Imperial Pavillion.
The Merchant-Taylors Coat of Arms within,
On a Throne-like Ascension may be seen
A Royal Sovereign, and beneath him bee
All those Gradations of Nobility,
Who of the Merchant-Taylors have been free:
In all their Royal Robes, they are array'd
Which, with great Ingenuity were made
By the most curious Merchant-Taylor's Trade.

Thus are you dignifi'd, my Lord, and now
All London's Expectation is on You.
That in this Vertical, and doubifull Tear
You will so equally posse Love and Fear,
That you may add new honors to the Chair,
And all may bless the time that you came there,
And, call you Prudent, Pious, just Lord Mayor.

His

His Lordship, by some signalities, giving us pregnant cause to presume upon his Approbation, he rideth with his Band of Brethren through the Throng of Spectators, till he comes toward *Milk-street* end, where he is intercepted, and his Patience invited to behold.

The Second Pageant.

WHICH is a Chariot of Ovation, or peaceful Triumph, beautified with many delightful pieces of curious Painting, proper for the adornment of a Triumphant Chariot; which is drawn by a Golden Lion and a Lamb.

On the Lion, is mounted a Young *Negro* Prince, attired in a very rich habit, according to the Royal Mode of *India*, viz. A Feathered Robe and Coronet, a Faulchion with a Gold hilt in a Scarf of Gold by his side; with one Hand, he holds a Golden Bridle, in the other, *S. George's* Banner, and representeth *Power*.

On the Lamb is mounted a White beautifull *Seraphin-like* Creature: with a long, bright, flaxen-curl'd Hair, and on it a Golden Coronet of Cherubins Heads and Wings, a Carnation Sarsnet Robe, with a Silver Mantle, and on his shoulders, Wings of Gold, Silver, Purple and Scarlet colour. In his Left Hand he Reyneth the Lamb with a Silver Bridle, and in his Right Hand, he beareth an Angelical Staff, with a Banner Charged with a Red Cross, Representing *Clemency*.

In the Chariot sitteth Seven Persons.

1. CONCORDIA, In a Sky-colour'd Robe, and a Yellow Mantle, a bright Brown, long curled Hair, a Coronet of Golden Hearts, bearing a Banner of the *Merchant-Taylor's*, with their Motto in these words, *Concordia Parva Res Crescunt*, i. e. by Concord small things increase.

2. UNANIMA, In a Robe of Green Sarsnet, sprinkled with divers Annulets of Gold, circling as many Golden hearts, a Mantle of Gold, a Fair long, bright Hair curled, and trimm'd with variety of small Ribon, a Coronet tipp'd with Hearts, on her Left Hand she beareth a Target, on which is a bundle of Arrows, between two Lions Rampant, with the Motto of the *Merchant-Taylor's*, as before.

3. PACIFICA, Is adorned with a White Robe, sprinkled with Gold Stars, a Carnation Mantle Fringed with Gold, a dark Brown Hair, on it a wreath of Olive, Gold colour'd Silk Hose, on which are Silver Buskins, laced with Carnation Ribon.

On her Left Hand she bears a shield charged with a Rose and Crown with this Motto, [*Love and Peace makes Trade increase.*] In her Right Hand, a Banner of the Kings.

4. CONSENTANIA, In a Purple Sarsnet Robe, richly Imbroidered with Golden Hands, and Hearts, a Golden Mantle, a bright Black Hair, on which is a Coronet of Gold, tipp'd with Silver Doves. On her Left Arm she

She holds a shield Azure, with this *English Motto* in Letters of Gold, [Without consent, no true content.] In her Right a Banner of up Lorde.

5. **MELODIA**, A delightful Lady, in a Silk Watcher Robe, Painted all over with sundry sorts of Musical Instruments, in Silver and Gold, a Silver Mantle, Fair-curl'd Hair, a wreath of Laurel, tipp'd with Gold. In her left Hand a shield purple, with a Trinity of Hearts United, and Crowned, OR. The Motto, [Where hearts agree there's a Adelsdy.] In her Right Hand, a Banner of the City.

6. **BENEVOLENTIA**, A proper Lady of gracious Aspect, with a bright, Brown, Hair, and on it a Garland of Mistle, a Robe of Silver and Scarlet Silk, a Mantle of Purple and Gold. In her Left Hand she holds a shield Verr, with two Angels, holding a Crown, OR: with this Motto, [Whom good will doth renown, good Angels Crown.] In her Right Hand, the Companies Banner.

7. **HARMONIA**, A Lady of great gravity with Masculine Aspect, wearing a lovely dark Brown Peruke, curiously curled, on which is planted a Crown Imperial, she wears a Robe of French Green Velvet, pleasantly imbroidered with Gold, a Crimson coloured Silk and Silver Mantle: who sitting Majestically alone in Front, upon the approach and Fixation of my Lord Mayor, improves the Opportunity, riseth up and delivereth this Oration.

The SECOND SPEECH of Concord Spoken by Harmony.

MY Lord! I come to tell you, *for I know,*
Nothing moves well, in substance or in show
Without my Influence, I cure the Sick,
The Bodies Natural and Politick
Are safely succour'd and secure'd by me,
My Name is Concord, Union, Harmony,
Consent, and fair Agreement, all these I bring,
That wait upon me, are my attributes
By Concord, small things quickly do flourish
The Affairs of our Merchant-Taylers Amis,
Concordia Parva Res Crescunt, see
Find to be true where honest Hearts agree
By fruitfull Concord small things do increase,
But dissimil Accord, will make great things less.
And Common Foes will prove our friends
That here are wide divisions in the Land
For Petty Niceties, or disagree,
'Tis neither Piety, nor Policy.
But contrary to both, I am a friend,

There? neither God, Wit, nor good Nature in,
 Divide them, and destroy them, is the Pope's

Maxim, and ready road to all his Hopes:
 The work of Jesuits, and therefore, Sir,

To move men to agree, and to concur,

Is the great Art of a good Governour.
 With your Prerogative power, mix Harmony,

I make the Lion and the Lamb agree
 To draw my Chariot; if they should fall out
 My little Common-wealth, and I, no doubt

Should run to ruin, and receive the rout.
 Gainst Malefactors, like a Lion moving

But to the Innocent, show Lamb-like Love.
 A Magistrate should have, for his defence

Serpent-like Wit, and Dove-like Innocence,
 They are both useful, it is Love and Fear,

That guides the whole World here and every where,
 But I'm Impertinent, and do but show

T your Lordship what you do already know,
 Your Adulation, Judgment, and good Parts,

Have gain'd an approbation in all Hearts.
 You have done all things Fair, no actions Foul,

Your Sovereignty gave relief of good Rule.
 Nor need they doubt your Mayoralty, therefore,

Begging your Pardon, I shall say no more.

This Speech being concluded, his Lordship exhibiting a gracious Aspect of
 favourable acceptation, advanceth further towards Guild-hall, but is civilly
 obstructed by a Third Scene, and in regard his Lordship is a Merchant, and
 his Company Merchant-Tailors,

The Third Triumphal Scene, or Pageant, is
 A Ship called the *Patience*, fully accommodated with all her Masts, Sails,

Cordage, Tackling, Cables, Anchors, Ordnance, and manned by a
 Captain, Master, Boatwain, Steersman, Gunner, and Seamen. The Cap-
 tain whereof addresseth to my Lord in these words

The Captain's Speech
 VVhat cheer my Lord, I am returned from Sea

To amplify your day of *Rahibee*
 In this try'd Vessel, which was sent from hence

By Name, The good Ship call'd the *Patience*:
 (A Merchant-Man) which hath upon the Sea

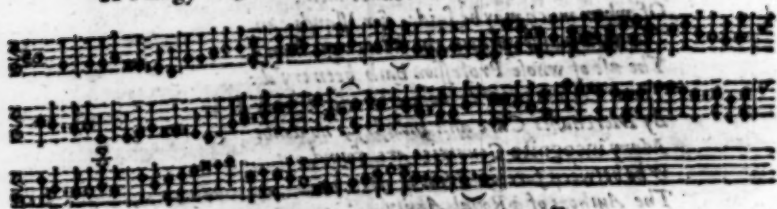
Made many dangerous passages, through
 Hazard

*Hazard and Happiness are new and then
 The mutable Events of Merchant-men:
 Of whom much may be said; for Islands can
 Not flourish without the Merchant-man;
 The use of whose Profession hath been try'd:
 Their Persons grac'd, honor'd and dignify'd
 By Merchants Care and Industry, no doubt
 Many incognite Countries are found out.
 Who between foreign Princes often be
 The Authors of a Royal Amity.
 By them many outlandish brutish Natures
 Have been reduc'd, and become Christian Creatures.
 By Merchants we receive all sorts of Treasure,
 Varieties for Profit and for Pleasure,
 To King and Kingdom, brought from many a Nation:
 They propagate Shipping and Navigation,
 Employ Artificers, and set to work
 Divers that did in lazy Corners lurk.
 Some have rais'd stately Buildings (for Men's Wonders)
 Others of many Cities have been Founders:
 Consuls and Presidents they've been of late;
 And you my Lord! (London's great Magistrate)
 A Merchant, may you prosper; you will find
 In this Tears Voyage, many a cross Wind
 I fear, with which your Prudence must dispense,
 But you are well indu'd with Patience.
 May you (the Merchant) and the Merchant-Taylor,
 Advance our Trade, encrease Shipping and Saylor.*

His Lordship having well survey'd the exactness of the Ship in her Building, Rigging, Manning, and the Trumpets sounding, he continueth his determin'd course toward Guild-Hall, but by the way is once more obstructed by another Scene call'd the Palace of Pleasure, which is,

A Triumphal Arch of excellent Form, according to the Ionick Order of Architecture, it being an excellent Structure for Height, Breadth, and Beauty, where, in distinct and perspicuous Positions, sitreth nine beautiful and pleasant Ladies, whose Names, Natures, and Ornaments are Consistentious, 1. Jollity. 2. Delight. 3. Fancy. 4. Felicity. 5. Wit. 6. Invention, 7. Tumult. 8. Slaughter. 9. Gladness, all of them properly-inrobed and adorned.

And to augment their Delight, there are several Persons properly habited, playing on sundry loud Instruments of Musick, one of which, with a Voyce as loud and as tunable as a treble Hoboy chantereth out a Dirty in Commendation of the Merchant-Taylor's Trade.

A Panegyrick Ode on the Mystery of Merchant-Tailors.

Of all the Professions that ever were nam'd,
The *Taylor's* though slighted, is much to be fam'd:
For various Invention and Antiquity.

No Trade with the *Taylor's* compared may be,
For warmth and distinction and Fashion he doth
Provide for both Sexes with Silk, Scuff and Cloath.
Then do not disdain him or slight him, or flout him,
Since (if well consider'd) you can't live without him.

But let all due Praises (that can be) be made
To honour and dignifie the *Taylor's* Trade.

When *Adam* and *Eve* out of *Eden* were hurl'd,
They were at that time King and Queen of the World:
Yet this royal Couple were forced to play
The *Taylor's*, and put themselves in green Array;
For Modesty and for Necessity's sake,
They had Figs for the Belly, and Leaves for the Back;
And afterward Clothing of Sheep-skins they made,
Then judge if a *Taylor* was not the first Trade.

The oldest Profession, and they are but *Raylers*,
Who scoff and deride men that be *Marchant-Taylor's*.

Some say that the *Shomaker's* Trade doth out-go him,
But I am perswaded it is much below him:

When He's at the Bottom, the *Taylor's* o'th' top,

When the *Shomaker* kneels, the stout *Taylor* stands up,

Embracing and Lacing his *Midam's* fair,

And decking her Body with Robes *Debonaire*

But only this fault I do find with his Trade,

Of late there's small difference 'twixt *Mistress* and *Maid*.

And yet for all that, I do count them but *Raylers*.

Who shall under-vaile the brave *Marchant-Taylor's*,

If *Princes* and *People* stick naked should go,

Who could their Gradations of Dignity know?

It would pretty modest fair *Virgins* perplex,

Cause *Nakedness* shews the distinction of Sex.

And therefore the *Taylor* to fortifie Nature

By Art, in Formalities covers the Creature

To every *Person* he gives a due dress,

Which doth in fit Order their Callings express.

Then let all your Praises be properly made,

To commend and dignifie the *Taylor's* Trade.

With various persons in Habits he deals;

And with outward Shaggs, inward Secrets conceals:

Diffort.

Distortions of Body and foulness of Mind,
 That under good Clothing you can't quickly find:
 A *Wife* in high Habit hath often been seen,
 Though as rank as a *Goat*, yet as rich as a *Queen*;
 Such power hath Apparel that covers the Skin,
 All embroyder'd without, and corrupted within.
 This falsehood doth not in the *Taylers* Art lurk,
 But in the fowl Members that set him to work.
Kings, Princes, Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, Lords,
Have royal Apparel from Taylers Shop-Boards,
Grave Bishops and Judges, Knights, Gentlemen, Yeomen,
With all the Degrees of Men, Children, and Women,
All men and distinctions of Land-men and Saylers,
Are Rob'd, Gown'd, and Coated, and Tackled by Taylers.
 In gallant Apparel your Martial-man thunders
 Good clothes and good Courage too, daily do wonders.
 He that hath poor Habit and is out of Fashion
 Is slighted, and seldom obtains Estimation.
 Nine Kings of the brave *Merchants-Taylers* are five,
 As twenty two Princes and Dukes also be:
 Twenty seven Bishops right Reverend and good,
 And forty seven Earls are of this Brotherhood,
 With seventy seven bold Barons and Lords,
 As may be produc'd from our ancient Records;
 Then judge if the dignify'd *Taylor* have not
 Cause for Estimation ne're to be forgot.
 Since none of good Fashion but Ranters and Raylers,
 Will wrong the Right Worshipful, *The Merchants-Taylers.*

The Song being ended, the Foot-Marshal having plac'd the Assistants, Livery, and the Companies on both sides of *Kings-Street* and the Pensioners with their Targets, hung on the tops of the Javelins: In the Rear of them the Ensign-bearers, Drums and Fifes in the Front, hastens the Foins and Budge-Batchelors, together with the Gentlemen-Ushers to *Guild-Hall*, where his Lordship is again saluted by the *Artillery-men*, with three Volleys more, which concludes their Duty: His Land Attendants pass through the Gallery or Lane so made into *Guild-Hall*; after which the Company repairs to Dinner in the Hall, and the several Silk-works and Triumphs, are likewise convey'd into *Blackwell-Hall* and the Officers aforesaid, and the Children that sit in the Pageants, there refresh themselves, until his Lordship hath Dined at *Guild-Hall*.

But I must attend my Lord in the Hall at Dinner, and give an account of the delightful Diligence, with the local Accomplishments and Performances of the Musical Movements.

His Lordship and the Guests being all seated, the City-Musick, begin to touch their Instruments with very Artful Fingers, and after a Consort-Lesson or two being plaid, and their Ears as well Feasted as their Palats, a sober person with a good Voice, grave Humour, and audible utterance, (proper to the condition of these times) sings the following Song, called, *The Protestants Exhortation*, to this Tune.



What

The Protestants Exhortation.

What is the cruel cause
Of our Dissention,
That Holy and Humane Laws
Yield no Prevention.
That our poor Land hath been
Pull'd all to Pieces;
And still our sorrows keen
Daily Increases?
If you would know for what,
Reason will tell you that,
'Tis because we do not

Love one another.

Such a Command as this
All power convinces,
'Twas made by him that is
The Prince of Princes.
The Power of Love is of
A fruitfull Nature,
When it drops from above
Into the Creature;
It doth corroborate
And fortify a State,
Then before 'tis too late

Love one another.

Dayly Dissentions rise
Brother 'gainst Brother,
Son against father flies,
Daughter 'gainst Mother.
Strange Contraries
Do rul'men's reason,
VVhilst *England's* Enemies
Are hatching Treason;
And driving on that Plot
(They think we have forgot)
'Cause they see we do not

Love one another.

If concord be the way
To peace and plenty,
Discord must needs destroy
And make all empty;
Houses and Kingdoms that
are so divid'd,
Are in a desperate state
Grossly misguid'd,
The Dangers of our Land
VVe never can withstand
Till we're united, and

Love one another.

Let us not mingle our
Faith with our Fancies,
And leave the Substance for
Small Circumstances;
Let love and Reason work
In us and on us,
Serpents in secret lurk
To over run us;
Their stinging Pens are free
To raise Conspiracie,
VVhich will be soild if we,

Love one another.

If we do stir up hate
Against our Brother,
VVe prove like fire-brands that
Burn out each other.
Clyents whom Lawyers light
Till they unstate um,
Or *Dutch*, and *English* fight
VVhen *French* laugh at 'um.
In such Conditions are
Men that love Law and VVar,
And such are those that ne're

Love one another.

In what a doubtful state
Is all our Nation:
VVithout us 'apal hate,
VVithin us passion,
And causeless prejudice
Doth still possess us,
'Tis fear'd our Enemies
VVill much oppress us;
VVe shall in snares be caught
By this dam'd Popish Plot,
If we (in Time) do not

Love one another.

Let us with hearts and hands
Joyn all our forces,
Against the Romish Bands
Their foot and horses;
For if they get the best
And over power us,
VVe shall ne're live at rest
They will devour us;
VVe must in sad Restraints,
Be plung'd in woes and wants,
Then let true Protestants

Love one another.

Our Unanimity
 I th' late Election,
 Shew'd that we well agree
 In our Affection,
 Where all Men did consent,
 Without resistance:

'Twas a good Argument
 Of God's Assistance.
 When Men so well agree,
 And so concordant be,
 'Tis a plain sign that we

Love one another.

The Song being ended, they handle their Instruments again, and play divers new Ayres, which having done, three or four habit themselves according to the humour of the Song, and one of them chanteth forth another Song (in the same Tune with that last sung) called

The plotting Papists Litany.

Though our Plot be betray'd,
 Let us pursue it,
 We need not be dismay'd,
 We will re-new it;
 Therefore let us implore
 Those saints above us,
 Who have done so before,
 And therefore love us,
 Joyntly then wee'l agree,
 To sing a Litany,
 And let the burden be,

Ora pro nobis.

You that have been as we,
 Engag'd in dangers,
 Listen to us that be
 Heretick-rangers.
 Do you our suit prefer,
 And send unto us,
 Least Doctor Provender
 Do quite undo us,
 You that Kings undertake,
 To kill for conscience sake,
 Clement and Reviliac,

Ora pro nobis.

Ye that were two of those
 Excellent Members,
 Who did assist in the
 Plot of November's;
 What you did leave undone,
 (That we may do it)
 Grant us your Otifon
 And prompt us to it,
 Ye that like hooded Hawks,
 Wrought in Dark-Lantern walks,
 Digby, and Guido-Faux,

Ora pro nobis.

Great Cataline do thou
 Aid and assist us,
 That in what we shall do
 None may resist us;
 Brutus, and Cassius In-
 spire us in season,
 And qualify us with
 Murder and Treason.
 You that have Plotted more
 Than Men have done before,
 Gusman, and Gundersmore,

Ora pro nobis.

Woolsey, that liv'd ith' Reign
 Of old King Harry;
 And you o'th' flaming Train,
 To Phil. and Mary,
 Teach us that we with sticks
 Fire-brand and fuel,
 May burn all Hereticks
 And prove as cruel.
 You that consum'd by fire
 Ridley, and Latimer,
 (Denner and Gardiner)

Ora pro nobis.

You that with Arguments
 Sophisticated,
 Rais'd several discontents
 As this related,
 You that made Subjects for-
 sake their obedience,
 And tang'd them to abhor
 Oaths of Allegiance.
 You that could souls Trappan,
 With disputes off and on,
 Parsons, and Campian,

Ora pro nobis.

You

You *life* Champions that,
 (In Warr-like manner)
 Against the Church and State
 Advanc'd your Banner;
 Raife up our Spirits, we
 May be Corragious,
 England's orethrow will be
 Much advantageous;
 Fitz-Gerrald and Tyron
 To you we cry O bone!
 Gregory, and Pope Joan,

Ora pro nobis.

Hubers whose fatal Brand
 First fir'd the City,
 By Hereticks Command
 Dy'd without pity.
 Coleman that great Scallion,
 Whose Brains were working,
 Whilst Jesuit and Priest
 In holes lay lurking,
 This plot to pass to bring,
 Stout Grove, and Pickering,
 Employ'd to kill the King,

Ora pro nobis.

You that in bloody ways,
 Have lately trod free,
 Who set an end to the days
 Of Justice Goffe,
 Though a prais'd Magistrate,
 He was again't us,
 And did deserve our Hate,
 And much incens'd us,
 Green, Bury, Hill, that dy'd,
 Although for Murther try'd,
 By us yare sanctify'd,

Ora pro nobis.

Ireland, and Whistread too,
 Harcourt, and Turner,
 For whom there is no woe
 Many a close Mourner,
 Fenwick, and Owen,
 Langbore the Learned,
 That Plotted hand in hand
 'Til 'twas discerned,
 Who by the Laws, (of late)
 And heretical hate,
 Did all submit to Fate,

Ora pro nobis.

Dinner being ended, and Night approaching, his Lordship being attended by a private Retinue of his own Company, takes Coach, and is conducted to *St. James's-hall*, without the troublesome Night-Ceremony which hath been formerly, when *St. Paul's* was standing. When his Lordship is hous'd, those that attend on him depart with order and convenience; and the Triumphs and Silk works are by the care of the Master-Artificers, lodged for that Night in *Black-well-hall* till the next day following, and then are to be convey'd to *Merchant-Taylor's Hall*. To close up all, the Artists and Artificers, (the Builders, Painters, and Shipwright, each of them deserving Commendations) bid you all Good Night.

P. N. I. S.

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